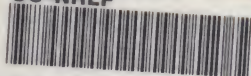


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155 Eily O'Connor-
a Burlesque of
The
Colleen Bawn.

Burlesque.
Henry, Byron

T. J. Hind

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MISS EILY O'CONNOR.

A new and Original Burlesque,

Founded on the Great Sensation Drama of THE

COLLEEN BAWN.

BY

HENRY J. BYRON,

(Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society,)

AUTHOR OF

The Old Story, Cinderella; or, the Lover, the Lackey, and the Little Glass Slipper,
Blue Beard from a New Point of Hue, Robinson Crusoe, Mazeppa, The Maid
and the Magpie; or, the Fatal Spoon, The Babes in the Wood,
Bride of Abydos, Fra Diavolo, Jack the Giant Killer,
Very Latest Edition of the Lady of Lyons, The
Nymph of the Lurleyberg, Pilgrim of Love,
The Garibaldi Excursionists, Aladdin,
or the Wonderful Scamp, Esme-
ralda, or the Sensation
Goat, &c., &c.

PART AUTHOR OF

The Miller and his Men, Forty Thieves, and Valentine and Orson.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market,)

LONDON.

*First performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane (under the Management of Mr. E. T. Smith),
on Monday, November 25, 1861.*

A new and original Burlesque Extravaganza, founded on the great Sensation Drama of THE

COLLEEN BAWN!

Written by H. J. BYRON, Esq., and entitled

MISS EILY O'CONNOR.

MILES NACOPPALEN	(a model Stage Irishman, in fact a perfect Pat'un)	MISS L. KEELEY.
HARDRESS CREGAN..... (Hard-up).....	MISS E. ARDEN.
KYRLE DALEY (Soft-down).....	MR. BARSBY.
DANNY MANN..... (a Ferry-man)	MR. ROBERT ROXBY.
MR. CORRIGAN (a Fore-closer, anxious for closer relationship)	MR. HOLSTON.
SERGEANT TORRALLOORAL..... (a Passive and unintelligent Officer)	MR. TOM MATHEWS.
EILY O'CONNOR (a Flower born to blush unseen and waste her sweetness on the desert[ing] heir)		MR. ATKINS.
MISS ANN CHUTE..... (a Victim to Mis-An-Thropy).....	MISS STUART.
MRS. CREGAN (a Lady with a very strong will of her own, but a very unsatisfactory one of her late Husband)		MRS. SELBY.

Bridesmaids, Flunkies, Friends, and Myrmidons of a Tyrannical Government, termed Police, &c., &c.

Programme of Scenery and Incidents.

SCENE I.

MRS. CREGAN'S HOUSE, MUCKROSS HEAD IN THE DISTANCE.

How the Cregan family appear to be in a bad way off, and Corrigan appears to be a good way on—How Mrs. Cregan grasps at Hardress' one glove, but rejects Corrigan's entire suit—Universal suspicion, doubt and discomfort.

SCENE II.

A MOUNTAIN PASS.

How the audience is shown to what extreme length Irish Miles may go—How Corrigan proceeds to pump, and Miles (it is hoped) to draw well.

SCENE III.

THE COTTAGE AT MUCKROSS HEAD.

Scene of mutual recrimination between husband and wife—How Hardress gives up Eily, and how Eily nearly gives up her marriage certificate—How Miles comes on to his cue and to rescue—How Danny becomes the bearer of a pacific message, and how Eily starts on her trip down the river.

SCENE IV.

EXTERIOR OF MILES'S LODGINGS.

Which being concocted simply to allow Miss Keeley to sing a charming song, and the Carpenters to set the next scene, is necessarily a very important though short one.

MISS EILY O'CONNOR.

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SCENE V.

THE DIPPING EAVE.

The incidents of this remarkable scene must be seen to be appreciated.—*Verb. Sap.*

SCENE VI.

A PASS AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Tremendous meeting of re-peelers—How Corrigan and his myrmidons go on and go off.

SCENE VII.

INTERIOR OF MRS. CREGAN'S HOUSE.

A REAL SENSATION JIG, by the LADIES OF THE CORPS DE BALLET,

Arranged by Mr. CORMACK.

Preparations for Hardress's marriage—How Corrigan stops the proceedings and commences them—How Hardress is protected from handcuffing by the muslin, and how Eily makes a grateful return for her husband's conduct—How everything is set square—How Mrs. Cregan comes round, and the curtain comes down straight.

MISS EILY O'CONNOR.

MISS EILY O'CONNOR.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Exterior of Mrs. Cregan's—same as in the Drama of the "Colleen Bawn."*—House, L.—rocks, set waters, moonlight.

*Music—Rising of the curtain—*HARDRESS enters from house, L., looks stealthily about.

HARD. I can't find Danny Mann—it's very odd I
Can't when I'm pressed for time find any bod-y.
Danny, my man, you haven't told the truth.
What's come to that most animated youth?

*Music.—*DANNY enters cautiously from back, L. U. E.

Oh! here you are at last : well really, Danny—

DAN. Whist, Mr. Hardress Cregan, speak *pianny*.

HARD. And why *pianny*? what have we to fear?

DAN. In case there should be anybody near.

HARD. 'Tis almost time to seek my Eily's cot
At Muckcross Head; your boat of course you've got;
You will be ready?

DAN. Master's but to say
The word, and his fond Danny must obey.
He's but to say "to Muckcross," and he'll see
My boat will take him *uckcross* speedilee.

HARD. (*bringing DANNY down*) It's strange, considering
the awful lickings,
And the unlimited supply of kickings;
The terrible head punchings, and the blows
You have received from me upon the nose,
That you should love me!

DAN. Ah! and when a boy
You did my graceful figure quite destroy;
You flung me off a rock—a dreadful thing—
But you were young, and *youth will have its fling*.

I, with the chuck, fell like a lump of lead did,
 And, ever since, have been quite chuckle 'eaded.
 After you struck me from the rock so neatly,
 I felt that I was "off it" most completely.
 I fell in a ravine, with just one crack,
 And rose up quite a *ra-vine* maniac.

HARD. I was the maniac, 'twas—more's the pity,
 One of my *many acts* of stupidity.

DAN. (*points to his forehead*) Here is the place where the
 hot blow I got, see,

The which did cause my present *idi-otsy*.

HARD. Your nut was in the way.

DAN. It was I feel;

Since which I've been an *utter* imbecile.

My back was bent, too, by the fall profound,

But, as you see, at last we both *came round*.

To keep me in this wicked world afloat

You kindly set me up, sir, in a boat.

Having no head, you bought me two fine skulls;

And though, at first, I "caught crabs" and made mulls,

The ferry—patronised by such a swell—

Succeeded, and I now row *ferry* well.

HARD. That's right. Then presently we'll row to Eily,
 Although my friends would look upon her shyly,
 Her education being, so to speak,
 Unfinished. Get your boat within the creek;
 This lover would to his fond mistress go,
 So, to my lovely *Juliet*, Row me oh!

Duet.—"Judy Callaghan."

Hark, my most faithful of men,

If my protection you care about;

See your boat's ready at ten,

Make me aware of your whereabouts.

Eily, vilely I—

Lately have neglected quite;

Let a week pass by,

Though each day expected quite

Don't say no, alarming Danny Mann again.

REPEAT ENSEMBLE.

Don't say no, &c.

Exit DANNY, L. U. E.

Music, "The Grecian Statues."—Enter MRS. CREGAN from house, L., a Tragedy Queen Matron, with her hair in curl papers.

MRS. C. (L.) This is nice conduct, Hardress, catterwauling
When, as the poet says, "the dew is falling;"
An apt quotation, which reminds me, too,
That we've a something else that's falling due;
Corrigan's bill—of which we've none at present,
Your prospects are remarkably unpleasant;
Come, look me in the face, my dear boy, quite full,
And say if they're not dreadful.

HARD. (R., looking into his mother's face) Yes, ma, frightful!

MRS. C. Ann Chute's your only chance—she is an heiress;
She was brought up, as you're aware in Pairis.

HARD. Out of the question, mother, that affair is;
For me, Ann Chute Ann Chute must ever be.

MRS. C. Don't you attempt to teach *and chuter me*.
She has a *purse an' all* have liked that knew her.

HARD. I have a *personal* aversion to her,
Besides, Kyrle Daly is engaged to wed her.

MRS. C. They've had a row, and don't now row togedder;
She—like my hairdresser, who's turned away
Because he hinted I was getting gray,
And hadn't now the locks of a young girl—
No longer is engaged to that *ere Kyrle*.

HARD. Mother, she of my love can't be the object,
So let us talk upon some other subject.

MRS. C. *Some other*; Why, with rage I shall *s-m-other*;
(*in his ear*) I know it is because you love another.
A little bird has told me of a lark

That you are carrying on, boy, after dark:
Confess—come, come, this love, when did begin it?

HARD. 'Tis but a little *lark*, with little *in it*.
Of people fond of smoking on the premises,
There's them as isn't mother, and there's them as is;
And so, my "negrohead" I nightly whiff
With Danny, in his most convenient skiff.

MRS. C. Pah! Negrohead! It's Muckcross Head you mean,
Where dwelleth Eily, that poor pale Colleen;
That's why you cross the water of a night—
Excursions daily to the *Eily white*.

Think of Ann Chute, and our ancestral tree,
Or up one quite as tall we soon shall be;
Knock on the head, at once, this boyish passion.

HARD. Why, though I must confess, ma', me 'twas rash on,
And I am very well aware I shouldn't,—
I've married her.

MRS. C. Oh, marry! Come up, you couldn't.
Trample upon your parent; Hardress, go it.
(*in deep grief*) What! me a ma-in-law, and not to
know it.

Duet.—“Kitty Tyrrell.”

HARD. I'm married to Eily O'Connor;
You'll like her exceedingly,

MRS. C. Pooh!

HARD. Oh, please to look kindly upon her;
I'll bring her to see you,

MRS. C. Yes, do!

HARD. Oh, mamma, she's extremely good looking,
And virtue is stamped in her face;
And then she's so first rate at cooking—

MRS. C. Then why don't she take a cook's place.

HARD. Oh, mother!

MRS. C. Oh, bother; your family, boy, you'd disgrace.
(*to the symphony, MRS. CREGAN sets to the door
and dances in*)

HARD. Oh! Eily, Eily, wherefore art thou Eily?
Exit, R. U. E.

Enter ANNE CHUTE, L., followed by KYRLE DALY.

ANNE. Pooh, sir, you're going on extremely slyly;
Well, well, of course you're like all other fellows.

KYRLE. Ann Chute, what makes you so extremely jealous?
Anne, to divine the cause I am not able;
I am the mildest youth imaginable;
Indeed, my character's so weak, my charmer,
That I don't see I'm wanted in the drama.

ANNE. Abroad, extremely bad reports are spread;
Where do you go to every night?

KYRLE. To bed.
And dream that down life's path, as poets sing,

Me an' my Anne are both *me-an-dering*.

If you could see the future as I view it—

ANNE. You want my 'and to ring, but you don't do it.
(*crosses to L.*)

I hate thin folks as very oft I've stated;

KYRLE. Thin! Recollect how I'm *in-fat-u-ated*;

I'm an anomaly, though I'm encased

Most loosely, yet you see I've *run to waist*.

My groans and tears of anguish don't despise—

And don't make light thus of my heavy sighs.

ANNE. Your sighs though heavy have no weight with *me*!

KYRLE. Say you'll the wife of poor Kyrle Daly be;

My proper sleep for thought of you, miss, railly,

I misses nightly, then be *Mrs. Daly*.

Duet.—“ Ring the Banjo.”

ANNE. I've done with you, Kyrle Daly,

Your conduct's very bad;

At once I thought you railly

Some slight affection had.

KYRLE. Into a state you throw me,

Of downright *mise-ree*;

Anne Chute, you really blow me

Up *con-tin-u-al-lee*.

Ring, ring, my Anne Chute,

A wedding ring let be;

A climax to our squabbling—let's

Embrace *mat-rim-o-nee*.

(ANNE *crosses to R. disdainfully*)

ANNE. Ring, ring, you Anne Chute,

A wedding ring shan't be;

The climax to our squabbling—let's

Be parted instantly.

Exeunt ANNE, R.—KYRLE, L.

(*as KYRLE is rushing off he meets CORRIGAN, who is entering, and treads heavily on his feet*)

CORRI. Gracious! my favourite corn he's ground to flour!
Of an attorney they shall feel the power;

Ha, ha! now comes a day of retribution;
 If they can't pay, I'll pop an execution
 Into the house, remorseless my character's,
 And sell up all the sticks—I mean the actors;
 Here comes the widow, down, compunction, down.

*Enter MRS. CREGAN, L., starts on beholding CORRIGAN,
 and turns from him in contempt.*

CORRI. Your servant, lady—nay, don't coldly frown;
 I've come to pay you my respects, and you
 Will also, in return, mum, pay what's due;
 Don't think me bold, that I presumed to call
 My little bill's eight thousand pounds—that's all!

(producing it)

MRS. C. A "trifle light as air!" *(aside)* With fear I stifle;

CORRI. I'm very glad you call that ere a trifle;
 Your son and heir, I hope, is pretty bobbish.

MRS. C. Sir! This familiarity is snobbish.
 Do not presume.

CORRI. He—hem! beware, proud beauty;
 Don't force me to a most unpleasant duty:
 Could you oblige me?

MRS. C. (L.) Sir, I cannot pay.

CORRI. (R.) Oh, then I must oblige *you*, in a way!

MRS. C. Mercy!

CORRI. *(suddenly kneeling)* I love you.

MRS. C. Rage!

CORRI. *(taking her hand)* I will be truthful.

*Enter HARDRESS at back, R., observes them, and comes
 down behind CORRIGAN.*

And though I'm not particularly youthful,
 You are yourself, remember, not a chicken.
*(receives a tremendous kick in the back from
 HARDRESS. He remains without turning round
 or rising)*

It strikes me forcibly that some one's kicking.
(with the air of a martyr)

No matter—I can bear it! Now I've got
 This chance, I'll strike while yet the iron's hot;
 On this poor Irishman, so dull and flat,
 Have pity—how my heart beats—*pity Pat.*

HARD. Pr'aps you'll oblige me, sir, by taking *that*.
(*crushes his hat over his eyes, and knocks him on his face*)

CORRI. (R., *sits up*) Young man, you have than pancake
beaten flatter

My hat.

HARD. (C.) Your head too will I beat to batter.

CORRI. He—hem! you'd *batter* not.

MRS. C. (L.) Try not the latter, he
Would bring an action for assault and battery.

We're in the power of this vile solicitor.

(CORRIGAN *risés, pulls out a note book, and dips his pen in an ink bottle, hanging from his coat*)

He is remorseless, boy, as an inquisitor.

CORRI. Pen and *ink* *wisitor*, as you perceive;

I'll take the inventory, with your leave. (*goes up*)

MRS. C. What's to be done? He'll sell us up, that's sure!

DANNY *runs on from back, L. U. E.*

DAN. Now, master, dear!

MRS. C. (*intercepting him*) Hush! you ill-mannered boor.
(*melo-dramatic music, very piano, till end of dialogue*)

(*bringing him down tragically*) Come here!

(*in the manner of tragedians in "King John"*) I had
a thing to say!

DAN. (L., *aside, alarmed*) She looks like that old party in
the play.

MRS. C. (R.) I've paid you liberal wages, Danny, dear;
Given you Christmas boxes——

DAN. On the ear!

MRS. C. That's neither ere nor there. Hem! by-the-bye
Just have the kindness, please, to throw thine eye
On yon young girl. (DANNY *looks about confused*)
No, no, she isn't here!

I don't know if I make myself quite clear;

On Eily! (*chord in orchestra*)

DAN. Oh!

MRS. C. She must be put aside;
Your master's anxious for another bride;
Into the water he would have you spill her.

DAN. (*after struggling with his feelings*) I'll be remorseless,
ma'am, as the gorilla! (*crosses to R.*)

MRS. C. Gorilla! Good! The simile's refined,
And that the water's not *too shallow*, mind.

DAN. If Master Hardress sends his glove to say
He wishes Eily put out of the way,
Because she's in the way of Miss Anne Chute.
'Twill be a dreadful dooty—but I'll do't!

MRS. C. (*handing a glove to DANNY*) Behold his glove,
my very worthy friend.
(DANNY *clutches it in horror*)

MRS. C. (*aside*) He gave it me ten minutes back to mend.
(*to CORRIGAN*) Oh, Mr. Corrigan!

CORRI. (*advancing, L.*) Ma'am, I attend.

MRS. C. As I've a friend, who will the money lend,
Your matrimonial hopes are at an end.

CORRI. I'll bring an action, then, which you'll defend!
(*to HARDRESS*) Yes, if a thousand pounds o'er it I
spend.

HARD. That way your steps be good enough to wend.

DAN. (*aside to MRS. CREGAN, taking her, aside to R.*) One
dip shall end her, ma'am, on me dip-end.

Quartette.—“*Skidamalink.*”

HARD. (*L. c., aside*) Eily, I think a noodle am I, to show
this hesitation,
For all my love for you is based upon a wrong
foundation,
Why should I shrink at such a misdeed—a
mother's a relation;
One ought to save at any risk, one trifling
palpitation.

MRS. C. (*R. c., to DANNY*) Eily's a link, to break it we'll
try, and in her situation,
We'll pop Anne Chute, who is a girl high in
my estimation.

DAN. (*R., to MRS. C.*) A nod, as a wink, to horse that is
blind, has the same valuation,
I must imbibe to brace me for this terrible
occasion.

CORRI. (L.) Blow this ere ink, it's perfectly dry. Permit
me one observation,
If I'm not paid, and shortly too, you'll feel my
indignation;
All of the chink : you've raised upon my frame, sir,
an abrasion,
I really feel the symptoms of incipient inflammation.

(DANNY, R., and CORRIGAN, L., dance in opposite
corners.—HARDRESS, L. C., and his MOTHER, R. C.,
dance up the stage hand in hand, then down C.—
Picture formed at the end by the four in imitation
of the celebrated Pas de Quatre.—Closed in.

SCENE SECOND.—A Landscape.

MILES NA COPPALEEN heard singing "*Charley Mount*"
without, then enters, L. E., with a small keg of whiskey
and a shillelagh.

Song.—Air, "Charley Mount."

Oh, Charley Mount is a pretty place as you'd ever wish
to see,
But not half so dear as my water cave is that pleasant
place to me;
It's so cool and so convenient for the making of whis-key,
For lending it its greatest charm is my *small distilleree*.

MILES. Behold in me that happy, ragged rogue,
The stock stage Irishman—without the brogue.
To manufacture which, this will you'll see
Turn out a never failing recipe.
He must have lightish hair, extremely curly;
His teeth must be particularly pearly,
Because he shows them all whene'er he grins;
Dilapidated hose must veil his shins;
Not having shaved, he must be blackish muzzled,
And this must be his attitude when puzzled.
(*striking the stock attitude of the puzzled stage
Paddy, with his right hand in his hair*)
On symptoms of a row the most remote,
He must insist on taking off his coat.

The stock remark of a dramatic Pat
 Must be when vexed at all—"Get out of that!"
 Though "Arrah" must of all his observations
 The *arra* root be of his conversations.
 Now, having caught your Irish hare, with fun
 He must be highly seasoned, and then done
 By a brisk rapid fire of jokes—the taste
 Depend will on the nature of the *baste*;
 The very sharpest sauce lay on him thickly,
 Garnish him well with writs, and "serve him" quickly.
 Alas! upon this heart Fate's hung its hatchment,
 I'm prey to an unfortunate attachment.

Song.—"Billy Patterson."

Now kind folks, listen to the song
 Of poor Miles na Coppaleen,
 I'll soon get it over, and not detain you long.
 She did sell me, she did sell me;
 Eily, such conduct on your part was wrong,
 To poor Miles na Coppaleen;
 Unkind indeed you've been,
 To Miles na Coppaleen;
 I really think that I
 Will go and do a die;
 And having left my goods to Eily in my will,
 Go blow myself to atoms, with my old whiskey still.
 (*places the keg, c., and walks round it in the manner
 of clog dancers—sits, c.*)

Music.—CORRIGAN rushes on in a rage, R. 1 E.

CORRI. Foiled, swindled, beaten, trampled on, by Jove!
 My threats derided, and likewise my love;
 Oh! I could punch my head.

MILES. (*seated on keg, up L. C.*) Allow me,

CORRI. Miles!

Behold, sir, that most elegant of tiles
 Crushed; at the same time all my young affections.
 Oh! Oh! In short, all sorts of interjections.
 I was knocked over on the ground quite flat.

MILES. Gracious! Who could *lay down the law like that?*

CORRI. Young Cregan. But he shall repent the blow.
(*observing the barrel*) What's in that keg, you've
there, sir?—let me know;

Come, sir, reply. I'll tap it, if I'm goaded.

MILES. (*grinning*) You'd best take care — that single
barrel's loaded.

CORRI. Loaded with lawless liquor, I'll maintain.

MILES. It's only some illicit-still champagne.

CORRI. (*aside*) I fear from him I shan't illicit much;
(*brings MILES down*) It strikes me, Miles, that you
don't often touch

That very filthy dross, termed lucre—say.

MILES. Now, do I look as if I did, sir, eh?

CORRI. Now, Pat, if you'd earn all that's there—you shall.

MILES. You're a *pat-ern-al* individual;

Good as a father to me—the conditions?

CORRI. Well, then, the fact is, I have my suspicions——

MILES. (*aside*) And very many other people's, too.

CORRI. That Master Hardress Cregan means to do

An act, to say the least, which isn't *Cummy*

Fo; I suspect, by gum, he means *bigummy*!

That's if he's married to this Eily.

(MILES *fiercely seizes him by the throat*)

MILES.

What?

I'll shake the teeth down your vile throat—the lot;

And if they kill you, that is, stop your breath,

The verdict will be *acci-dental* death.

You're used to lie, so try another lay; (*throws him
down flat*)

CORRI. (*sitting up*) I'm altogether in luck's way to-day;

My plan's upset, together with myself, (*rises*)

However, if you should require the pelf,

There's my address. (*gives card—coaxingly*) Come,
Miles, before you go,

My purse, if you will tell me all you know.

MILES. A lawyer's purse. Oh, terrible temptation!

(*takes him by the arm as if about to communicate
something important*)

Open your ears.

CORRI. (*aside, delighted*) Now for some information!

Song.—"The Young Man from the Country."

MILES. No doubt you, Mr. Corrigan,
 Imagine that you see
 A mere provincial idiot,
 A poor sillee billee.
 But been to the metropolis,
 Has Miles na Coppaleen;
 Though this song's sung at Evans's,
 I am no Paddy-green.
 I'm a young man from the country,
 But you'll find I'm all serene.

No doubt you'd like to hear about

The beautiful Eilee;

But I, sir, cannot gratify—

Your curiosity.

If you go out to Muckcross Head,

You'll see what you shall see;

I'm a poor lad from the country,

But you don't get over me.

Exeunt MILES, L., and CORRIGAN, R.

SCENE THIRD.—*Interior of the Cottage at Muckcross Head, arranged as nearly as possible like the Adelphi Scene. Large fireplace, R., with transparent log fire, table, two chairs, long settle, R., red cloak and bonnet, coarse bib apron hung up.*

Music.—EILY discovered watching for HARDRESS at back.

EILY. I cannot see my spouse, my love, my life!

This is a bright "look-out" for a young wife;

He's past his usual hour, he was the last time;

It's plain that he looks on me as his—*past-time*.

Indeed, I've noticed lately gradu-ally,

He's getting to think me of little valley;

When first he vowed he loved me he did say,

I was the sort of girl quite in his way,

But now so anxious he's our bond to sever,

I feel I'm much more in his way than ever.

Once on a time he worshipped my bright tresses,

When Hardress first did pay me his *hard-dresses*;

Then he declared he loved my eyes of blue,
 And that my hair was just his favourite hue.
 But now his admiration for it ceases;
 He's changed his *key*, and *picks my locks to pieces*,
 Nothing I ever do remotely pleases him,
 He seldom comes to tea because I teases hi
 He says my grammar's faulty, and declares
 I drops about my H.'s everywhere.
 He comes—and when with happy hours before us,
 I murmur “Shades of evening close not o'er us,”
 My hint and neat quotation doesn't tell,
 For he says “Eily, beauty, fare thee well.”

Song.—“*Pretty Girl Milking her Cow.*”

He liked once, he said, my society,
 My grammar, he noticed not then,
 But I hear the expression—variety,
 Is oft in the mouths of young men.
 P'raps he found that I grew melanchol-y too,
 And regrets his absurd marriage vow,
 And prefers to see one who looks jolly to
 A pretty girl wrinkling her brow.

Song.—“*Rosalie the Prarie Flower.*”

Once he said he loved me,
 Dearer than his life,
 I wish I'd never known the hour;
 He said “Dear, we'll exist in—
 (When we're man and wife)
 So cozilee, a fairy bower,
 Milking of cows, and
 Churning's my trade,
 Cheeses a thousand,
 At least, I've made,
 Rivals knit their brows, and
 Called I'm by each blade,
 That Rose Eily the dairy flower.

Enter HARDRESS, C. *from* L.

HARD. (L.) My dear Colleen. (*aside*) So dirty, I've never seen her.

(*aloud*) You certainly might keep yourself *col-leaner*.

EILY. (R.) I have to scrub the floor, to wash the plates,
To dust the furniture, black lead the grates,
Clean all the boots, the numerous errands run,
And I'm so knocked up when my day's work done,
That, love, my appetite's not what it might be,
And I must necessarily a sight be.
This overwork is why, my dearest hubby,
I'm a *small eater* and a *little grubby*.

HARD. My wife scrub floors, upon all fours so flat,
Gracious, to think she should come down to that!

EILY. Sometimes my knees so tired are, it's no sin
To wish I had *my knees within mine inn*.
(*singing, out of tune*) Oh, Min-knee, dear Min-knee!

HARD. Oh, pray do not howl out of tune like that.

EILY. I'm a great fool!

HARD. Yes, and a little flat.

EILY. Well, if I *am* a great fool, let me mention——

HARD. You should be *grate-fool* for my condescension.

Pray think how I've demeaned myself, Colleen!

EILY. How you've *demeaned* yourself! Why, what
de-mean?

What is the reason——

HARD. Don't continue teazin,
You are the excessively *plain* reason.

EILY. I see it all, you wish to leave me?

HARD. Yes!

I wish to leave you, Eily, I confess.

EILY. Though my poor heart it pierces like a shot,
Why die and leave me—*everything you've got!*
(*with real self-sacrifice*) You then shall never hear
a murmur more.

HARD. It's strange I never thought of that before;
Exactly—die, and leave you all I've got;
Yet, on the whole, perhaps, it's scarcely what
'Twas my intention to convey—you see
I made a *mésalliance*.

EILY. Ah! who's he?

HARD. (*aside*) Her ignorance is irritating; well
I'm what is commonly now termed a "*swell*."

EILY. Yes, and though Eily you've of late neglected,
Each day you are as *swell* as is *expected*.

HARD. Gracious, what grammar! why, my dear, your friends
Are very low, and you scarce make amends
For *relatives*, who all so fond are drink of,
And *antecedents* it don't do to think of.

EILY. You never for a moment, sure, expected
Eily O'Connor was ighly (O) Connor-ected.

HARD. I really don't know, Eily, who you are,
(*aside*) Don't know her father—Je ne Connor pa!
(*aloud*) Anne Chute, who loves me to distraction, wears
Hibernian *graces*—sings Italian *airs*,
And like *Carlotta Grisi* dances——

EILY. Easy
Oh, I've no doubt you think a lot o' *Grisi*.
(*going towards MR. TULLY threateningly*)
If in Italian I am such a dunce,
Oh, let me go to *hit Tully* at once.
My heart's so *heavy*, don't be an obstructor,
It would be *lightning*, to strike that *conductor*.

HARD. Pray don't give way, but pity my condition,
I am a beggar, list to my petition.

Medley.—Concerted Piece.—“I should like to marry.”

HARD. I should like to marry,
That is, if I can,
A superb young lady,
Which her name is Anne.
With feeling, and with fancy
She sings—can likewise play,

EILY. (*with concentrated rage*) “I wish I was with Nancy,”
As little street boys say.
Oh, boy, you play Old Harry
With my feelings—can
You wish Anne Chute to marry?
Oh, you bad young man!

Air.—“Over the Sea.”

HARD. Hand—Over to me,
Over to me,
Your marriage lines, love, immediately. (*pause*)

EILY. No! 'twould be
Felo de se,
This female don't see it. Go 'long!

HARD. Then they'll march, march, march
 Me to jail sure as a
 Gun: rat I'm poor as a,
 Parch, parch, parch,
 My throat does—— Heigho!

EILY. (*agonizedly*) Oh, dear me,
 (*producing her certificate*) No, no, Eil-ee
 Loves you—you'll see,
 Here is our marriage certifica-te.
 Off will I flee
 To Ameri-kee,
 Kamschatka, or else to Hongkong.

(As HARDRESS snatches the certificate, MILES enters, L.C.,
 and comes slowly down.)

Air.—"The Tank."

MILES. (C.) Stop now! Drop now
 That marriage certificate.

EILY. (R.) Gracious me! A dreadful row I think there'll be.

MILES. (C.) Or, sir—floor, sir,
 You I must, and spifficate!
 Every feature in your physiognomy.

HARD. (R.) (*with great scorn*) That rhyme's imperfect.

MILES. But you'll find the reasoning
 Striking and convincing,
 You'll be wincing, for you'll see
 Your coat, though spicy, is tasteless to the seasoning,
 'Twill now get: you're a mess in
 Which confessin' soon you'll be.

OMNES. Stop now—drop now, &c., &c., &c.

(MILES taking EILY's hand, and bringing her round)

Air.—"Cruiskeen Lawn."

MILES. Now, I'd bet a thousand pounds
 That your house and pleasure grounds;
 You'd gladly sell at once, and pawn
 All your rich old family plate,
 For to obsquatulate
 With this smiling little Colleen Bawn;

Oh, grammachree ma cushla,
Slanta gal, mavourneen,

Though its meaning isn't clear as dawn.

ALL. Oh, grammachree ma cushla, &c., &c.

EILY. Oh, it's very hard indeed,

That because I cannot read,

My heart in two should thus be sawn;

And also thus be chizzled,

All your fond affection's mizzled;

I'm a sadly treated Colleen Bawn.

Bad grammar Cre-gan shouldn't

Supplant a gal—it wouldn't;

If Eily had been highly born.

ALL. Oh, grammachree, &c., &c.

HARD. Enough! I quite perceive that I'm *de trop*,

So I shall leave. (*going*)

EILY. This is a pretty *go*.

MILES. (*loftily*) Go, sir, this roof though humble, shelters
virtue.

HARD. Dog!

MILES. Don't repeat that phrase or I might hurt you.

The harsh term "dog" your wife and I forgive;

Supported by my *bark* no doubt she'll live.

(*EILY weeps on MILES's shoulder*)

MILES. Don't hang your head—come, come, don't be
absurd;

Keep up your pecker—"cheer up," like a bird.

EILY. (*in schoolgirl tones to HARDRESS over MILES's
shoulder*)

Go, to your gay and festive scenes, your halls of dazzling
light;

Eat, drink, your fill—may good digestion wait on appetite;

Go, go, and join the mazy throng—most sumptuously fare it,

And as my constitution's strong, I'll try to grin and bear it.

MILES. (*half crying*) Fol-de-rol-de-dol-de-riddle-dol.

Fol-de-rol-de-dol-de-day.

EILY. And mister Cregan—that is all

As I have got to say.

HARD. (*after struggling with his feelings*) Farewell!

(*rushing out, L. C.*)

EILY. (*bursting frantically from MILES*)

He's gone! He's gone! Ha, ha! he's gone! he's gone!
(*sinks on a chair, R., on which she has left a stocking
in process of mending*)

Oh! agony! What's this I'm sitting on?
(*clutching the work*)

This is a pretty piece of work, Miles, this is!

Hardress to go and leave his lawful misses.

Duet.—“Lucia.”

EILY. What, Hardress left! Oh, I'm bereft
Of all my hope and joy;
My heart in twain by this is cleft,—
He is a heartless boy!

MILES. I'll go and punch his noble nob,
I'll stretch him on the floor!
Why did the villain go and rob
Poor Miles of Miss Con-nor?

EILY *sinks on chair, R.C.*—MILES *rushes off at opening,*
L. C.—*Change of Music*—DANNY MANN *enters, L. C.,*
rather drunk from street.

Air.—DANNY MANN.—“So early in the Morning.”

I've had a drop of something short,
And quite feel as I didn't ought,
Like those who, with unsteady pin,
The matertinal milk go in
With—early in the morning,
So early in the morning,
Before the break of day.

DAN. (*aside*) My heart sinks when I think I've got to
drown her,

And make of her a subject for the Crowner.

I've tried to drown remorse in alcohol, I

Find I'm—the more I drink—more melancholy.

(*aloud*) Eily! I've got a message from your spouse.

EILY. (*rising*) After our worst of matrimonial rows.

DAN. (L.) He says, as his remarks were very “low,”
He hopes that you'll look over 'em you know;

And also, that you'll not refuse to come

And meet him——

EILY. Where?

DAN. Just down the river, mum.

Where with white-bait, and over claret cup,

He trusts that you and he may make it up.

EILY. White-bait! I love 'em; claret cup, I'll come!

DAN. (*aside*) I feel my limbs all numb.

EILY. Oh! num! num! num!

Let's go at once.

DAN. (*hesitating*) Why—why—w——

EILY. Come, don't stutter:

Oh! for the lemon, and brown bread and butter;

The snowy table cloth, the dapper waiters,

Smart as the rightful heirs "at the *theaytres*;"

The broad bow windows, and the steamers passing,

Champagne continually pour'd your glass in;

The effervescent, or delicious still,

The calm—the coffee——

(*EILY goes up, and puts on her red cloak and bonnet*)

DAN. And the little bill.

Duet.—"Garryowen."

DAN. Come along, my dear Eily,

Or else we'll be late;

EILY. I'm devoted to Hardress,

Allow me to state.

DAN. And you're not blind,

My dear, to the charms of white-bait,

EILY. And a snug little dinner

Alone, tête-a-tête.

I never will be angry more,

Of course, my grammar is a bore;

Why did he not say so, before

He married poor Eily O'Connor.

(*dance to symphony—closed in—change of Scene*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*Exterior of Miles's Illicit Distillery—
Cottage, 1st wing, R.*

Enter MILES, L.,

MILES. Well, here's my bachelor's unpleasant quarters,
Over against the river's placid waters.

The people round about say that they hear
Strange noises, and they're frightened, it sounds
queer;

But that which doth with apprehension fill,
The folks is not the *noise*—no it's the *still*.
Secure in there (*pointing to cot*) I keep my kegs of
whiskey;

To open the front portal I use this key,
The other entrance, down there by the river,
No one has ever managed to diskiver.
Besides, it don't require a lock and key,
Because the river's full of *Chub's*, you see.

Song.—Air, "Peter Gray."

I'm an unfortunate young man,
I think I'm getting grey,
My love is blind, my figure in
My best in vain I array.
My best, &c.

I repeat, I
Am becoming grey,
This luckless rural laddie, oh,
Has truly had his day.

Air.—"Aunt Sally."

I seek my old haunts sadly,
My life's without an aim,
For Eily's used me badly,
She of my love makes game;
I've took to whiskey brewin'
And drinking it al-so,
I'm going to my ruin
As fast as I can go.

Heigho, hi! what a rollicking lad am I,
To every move upon the board,
This Irish Miles is fly.

I think I'll go to Londin,
Yes, take a foreign tour,
See Leotard and Blondin,
Likewise the Perfect Cure;

Also the great Gorilla

From foreign climates borne,

That flash noble *man-killer*.

That now is so much worn.

Heigho, hi! what a rollicking, &c.

Exit into cottage, R.

SCENE FIFTH.—*The Water Cave.*

Music.—MILES *appears on rock, R.*

MILES. Here, in cool grot, where no one e'er doth peer in,

I feel I'm out of Ireland, and of Erin;

To cross to my abode, a hint I take

From Léotard—and of a rope and stake

Have manufactured a trapeze; I'll wager

A trifle this would puzzle any guager.

(seizes the rope and crosses the water, à la Léotard to rock, L.)

There! What was that? An otter, p'raps. Holloa!

A voice? Imagination, may be—no

Ripple doth stir the water—all is quiet;

I wish there was an otter to let fly at;

Whene'er I catch one, I think it no sin

To take it from its kith, and sell its skin.

Holloa, out there! Is anybody nigh?

Not a rip-ple—I pause for a ripple-y.

Now to go down to my secure distillery,

And look after my il-licit artillery;

When I approach my home, I can't help feeling

Love for the still—so gently o'er me stealing.

(Music.—MILES *retires from rock, R.*—*a boat from R. 2 E., with DANNY rowing, and EILY, pale, and in a state of alarm, comes on—when the boat comes to the centre, it bumps against a rock, and nearly jerks EILY out)*

EILY. What is this place? Speak—it looks very gloomy;

Where are we? Pray speak to me—ain't it tomby?

DAN. *(wildly)* Ha, ha!

EILY. Don't laugh like Mr. N. T. Hicks

When he's about to have a fight with six;

This is no place for white bait, one can see

It isn't capable of shrimps and tea.

DAN. You mind your steering.

EILY. Steering? What's the use,
If you don't pull your skulls, you silly goose? (*howls*)

DAN. Don't make a great cry about a little wool,
I'm pulling.

EILY. P'raps—but "I don't see the pull;"
You're what I call a "bad egg"—and gainst me
You're hatching some most foul conspiracy.

DAN. Fowl? I can't *pull it*—miserable wight!
(*fiercely*) Come, no "eggsauce," for I'm *eggsausted* quite.

EILY. Beneath the flood, it seems to me, you try
To *wash us*, for you hold your *skull awry*.

DAN. Wash us—and skull-ry.

EILY. You deserve a switching;
Mind, or from blows, you'll soon find your *back-itching*;
Mind where you're going, Danny, gracious—why,
You used to have a most unerring eye;

DAN. It is un-erring still—but then you know
That this is an excessively *hard-row*;
And talking of *hard-roes* reminds me——

EILY. Yes.

DAN. That I've on business come, from young *Hard-ress*;
That you may better bear this bitter shock,
Suppose you step upon this bit o' rock. (*gets on rock, c.*)
Come from the boat, my dear,—

EILY. I shan't—that's flat.

DAN. Now, literally girl, "Come out of that."

EILY. Mind, I'm not weak.

DAN. Now, Eily, come along;

EILY. And when I *do* come out, I come out strong.

(*DANNY hands her on to the rock, c.—the boat goes
off of its own accord, R.*)

DAN. Oh, honour;

EILY. Ah, well, I must own I doubt you.

DAN. (*insinuatingly*) Pray, have you got your marriage
lines about you?

EILY. Rather.

DAN. (*severely*) List, girl! No one can hear you if you roar,
That *two-oar'd* skiff floats off *to-wards* the shore;
Hem! Your certificate I'm anxious for:
Scream not, or else the water drowns your din,
Don't put me out, or I must put you in.

EILY. (*after a pause, shrieks*) Police! I know a member
of the corps,

A One!

DAN. Ha! ha! you should have called B Four.
Your marriage lines!

EILY. (*falling on her knees*) No, no, your words repeal!

DAN. I only said the *lines*—don't want a *kneel*;

EILY. (*rising fiercely*) A kneel! in brogue it would be
pronounced a *nail*,

Of which I've ten, and never known 'em fail;

In me you'll find you've come across your match,

You'll soon discover that your wig's a scratch.

Your face, my friend, you'll see—(it's an Old Bailey'un)

That although I'm a native, I'm a *naily* 'un.

DAN. Away compunction, all this trifling cease;
Go in.

EILY. As I observed before—Police! (*sinks*)

DAN. Gracious, it's over without any din,

How very smoothly the poor gal went in;

To make a pun, which should be groaned at vilely,

She slipped in smoothly, p'raps because she's *iley*.

I didn't think at all that she'd give way so.

EILY. (*rising*) I say—you know—if you're in fun, just
say so;

I'm not one of those fortunate young woman,

Who've been instructed in the art of swimming;

Hardress could never mean to take my life;—

A nice way to "throw over" a young wife.

DAN. He set his life upon a cast,

EILY. And I

Shall have to stand the hazard of the *die*;

If it's a joke—a hapless wife to drown,

I don't think it's a joke that should

DAN. Go down!

(*pushes her into the water*)

Once more she's sunk like any lump of lead!

EILY. (*rising*) There's such a cold a cubbing in by head.

DAN. (*wildly*) Away! (*pushes her off again into the water*)

I am the wretchedest of men;

But now it's over.

EILY. (*rising—provokingly, in the manner of a clown*)

Here we are again!

Duet.—"Sally, come up."

EILY. When Hardress comes the news to hear,
He will avenge me, never fear,
For giving me this wat'ry bier.
I'm sinking gradu-ally.

No—no. Othel-

Lo e'er so mel-

Ancholy could be

As Hardress you see

Will become when he thinks on my wally.

DAN. Eily! come up!

Eily! go down!

EILY. Well, if I do I'm safe to drown. (*sinks*)

DAN. She's done for now, I'll lay a crown.

(*report and flash of gun, L.; DANNY stands transfixed—pause*)

Some one's shot me right through the middle.

(*falls into the water*)

MILES *appears on rock, L.*

MILES. Whatever that was—I shot him, or shot her;

I rather fancy that I hit a hotter.

(*seizes rope, and re-crosses the water, as before to R.*)

(*on rock, R.*) Upon that stone, with summer heat oppress,

The otters, to get cooler, sit and rest.

(*feeling in the water from rock, R.*) My! it's the

biggest one I ever shot.

Murder in Irish! Why, what's this I've got?

This ain't an *otther*! Gracious, it's a gal!

That's quite an *other* kind of animal.

(*raises EILY from the water*) What, Eily! ope your

eyes—how came you here?

Open your *eyelid*, dear—my Eily dear!

(*EILY opens one eye, and sneezes violently—MILES*

lets her go—she sinks)

Oh, philliloo! She's sunk beneath the wave.

And what a cold she's got!—Oh, well, to save

That sweet *divinity's* dear life to-day;

Why a *dive in it* is the only way;

Though, if she lives, I ne'er can hope to wed her,

Still I can take the grand sensation "header."

(*dives down*)

Duet.—The Cure.

(during this EILY and MILES appear through the water, bobbing up and down, as if in the attempt to see each other—They dive down to symphony, and re-appear in different parts of the Scene)

MILES. (c. trap) Good gracious, dear,
Where are you?

EILY. (r. trap) Here!

MILES. I think I can get to her.

EILY. You best of men——(sinks)

MILES. She's "down again;"

Myself I will immure. (dives)

EILY (c. trap) Where has he gone?

I reckoned on

My being saved as sure.

Of proverbs fust

Is "man don't trust"—

There never was a truer. (sinks)

MILES. (rising c. trap) Her I don't see;

Good gracious me!

Is this illusion pure?

She sinks from view

Like syrens, who

Young men used to allure.

(EILY rises close to MILES—he clutches her in his arms)

She's saved at last,

I've got her fast,

Some warm "potheen" I'll brew her;

For whiskey hot

I know is what

Will work a perfect cure.

(Picture closed in by)

SCENE SIXTH.—(Same as Scene Fourth.)

Music—CORRIGAN rushes on from L.—SERGEANT O'TOORALOORAL—"an active and intelligent Officer" with his POLICEMEN, all hideous fellows.

CORRI. This is a slice of luck—to think that I
Stopping at Danny's cottage just to dry
Myself, should hear the vagabond's confession:
Won't we astonish the entire procession.

Sergeant O'Toc-ra-loo-ral!

SERG. Sir!

CORRI. Be wary,

Say—Can we trust you, bold constabulary?

SERG. *Trust*, noble sir? Can you discern the traces
Of aught dishonest in those open faces?
Behold their flashing eyes, their eager looks,
Forgetting, for the time, their favourite cooks;
Behold! Ambition swells each bosom's lord,
With thoughts of glory, and of the reward!
None there'd disgrace his uniform and button;
The charms of the proverbial leg of mutton—
Even the blandishments of beer or beauty
Would fail to tempt *my* peelers from their duty!
In fact, the mere suspicion raises here—
Perhaps, sir, you'll excuse a manly tear.

(*wipes away a tear*)

CORRI. Don't weep, my Tooralooral—dry your eyes!

Think of the prize, sir, and the great sur-prize

That we've in store, for, as before I said,

I have placed twenty pounds upon his head!

SERG. But twenty pounds upon his head—what's that?

I only wish you had to wear this hat.

Duet.—" *West Country Ditty.*"

CORRI. Sergeant O'Tooral

Ooral, follow me,

With all your rural

Con-stab-u-laree,

We will astonish this matrimonial fête, oh,
Drop down upon them just like a hot potato.

SERG. Count on each arm and truncheon!

All there are prime at punchin'

Heads; we'll pop in to luncheon

Unexpectedlee.

CORRI. Quick, me your leader, foller,

And be prepared to collar

Young Cre-gan

SERG. "Never holler,"

Leave it all to me.

CORRIGAN and SERGEANT go off, R., mysteriously
to piano symphony—all the POLICEMEN with the

exception of one who has fallen asleep, follow, stepping to the time of the music—the one POLICEMAN being left alone, wakes up with a loud note on the trombone, and rushes off on the wrong side.

SCENE LAST.—*Castle Chute—the Reception Hall, brilliantly lighted—entrance from raised platform, and steps, c.*

Music.—Enter the BRIDESMAIDS, L. 1 E., with their right arms extended after the manner of the Opera chorus.

Chorus.

LADIES. Joy, joy, joy! happy day, happy day! oh, joy!

Enter the GENTLEMEN, R. 1 E., with their left arms extended in the same manner.

GENTLEMEN. Joy, joy, joy! happy day, happy day! oh, joy!

(the Operatic Chorus turns into an Irish jig, which the guests dance, at the conclusion, drawing back into two lines; down the avenue thus formed MRS. CREGAN enters, c., grandly dressed, marching (to the Wedding March) with tragedy-queen strides, then ANN CHUTE and HARDRESS follow, and KYRLE DALY, with his eyes red with weeping, comes last.

HARD. (to ANNE) Oh, happy day! as sings the Opera Chorus,

Let's hope we've many such, my dear, before us.

(aside) Heigho!

ANNE. (aside) Heigho!

KYRLE. (aside) Heigho!

MRS. C. (aside) The groom and bride,
And groomsman, too, they all sighed aside.

(to HARDRESS) In this way don't heigho, absurd
young man,

Remember what *I* howe to Corrigan.

ANNE. (to KYRLE) What are you crying at?

KYRLE. The tears will flow,
To think that you're a going for to go
To marry Hardress Cregan—oh, oh, oh!
Of tears within this miserable head
I have a little store, and little shed.

ANNE. Go up to "Muckcross Head," and see your Eily;
Kyrle Daly, I have done with you enti-ly.

MRS. C. (to HARDRESS) Now, sir, your signature.

(going to table, L.)

HARD. (signing) There's mine. (handing pen to ANNE)

KYRLE. (to ANNE as she goes) Think what you do!

ANNE. (with pen in hand) I fear that I shall drop.

MRS. C. (aside) She signs—we're saved!

HARD. (aside) She thinks about it.

(CORRIGAN has entered from C. unperceived—now
seizes the paper)

CORRI.

Stop!

(consternation and chord, all get to places—KYRLE,
ANNE, HARDRESS, R.—MRS. CREGAN, C.—CORRI-
GAN, LADIES, table, L.)

This marriage don't proceed!

MRS. C. What do you mean?

CORRI. Of course you've heard what's come to the Colleen.
(MRS. CREGAN is strongly agitated, and leans
against HARDRESS)

ANNE. (speaking at KYRLE) At last we shall your perfidy
discover.

CORRI. She's been chucked in the river by her lover!

ALL. Oh!

CORRI. Though not found drowned herself, some clothes
we've got

Of hers which were found round about the spot.

ANNE. (R., pushing KYRLE forward) Seize him! Oh, after
after all your vows and letters;

How I could comb your hair! (to SERG.) produce
your fetters;

Your heaviest—he's strong as are some lions.

KYRLE. Fetters! You wouldn't see your Kyrle in irons?
(weeps)

CORRI. Lions! Ha, ha!

SERG. He howls as if in pain.

This lion is a turning on the main.

He's not the prisoner at all.

KYRLE.

Oh, joy!

MRS. C. Who is the guilty party, then?

CORRI. (maliciously) Your boy.

(ANNE falls against KYRLE—MRS. C. against HARD.)

HARD. I drown the Colleen Bawn!—my wife!

ANNE. (*reviving*) Holla!

I think you said your *wife*.

CORRI. (L.) Precisely so.

KYRLE. (R.) Idiot—to thus decline “wife” in the plural;

CORRI. Your duty do, Sergeant O'Tooralooral;

Behold your prisoner!—handcuff him.

(SERGEANT *comes down with handcuffs*, L.)

MRS. C. (*standing before HARDRESS*) Do!

I may be bold, but I'll warm *h*-and cuff you.

HARD. Fortune has showered on me her rebuffs;

'Stead of Anne *Chute*, I've only got '*and-cuffs*.

ANNE. (*stepping forward*, R.) Ladies, if you've one spark
of courage left—

Of Irish pluck, if you're not quite bereft,

Form Crinoline! (*the LADIES stand in a row*)

Dress! Good!—surround that youth—

CORRI. I'm getting rather nervous, that's the truth.

(*they form a sort of square*, R. C., *kneeling*, with
their fans open—HARDRESS *stands in the middle*
—*Picture*. When the air of “*The Cure*” is
heard, piano, all the characters *stand in attitude*
of great surprise)

Concerted Piece.—“*The Cure*.”

HARD. (*dancing*) What sounds are those that break upon
mine ear in tones so wild?

MRS. C. (*dancing*) Oh! something tells me that I shan't
be parted from my child.

(*a FOOTMAN dances on to C. from L.*)

FOOTMAN. (*dancing*) Oh! if you please, there is a gent
and lady at the door.

HARD. Then go and show them in at once—that man's
a perfect boor.

ALL. (*jumping*) A boor! a boor! a boor! &c. &c. &c.

Exit, FOOTMAN, L.—*jumping*.

Enter MILES, *dancing from L., and down C.*

MILES. A kind good morrow, ladies all,

And gentlemen as well;

To aid the wedding peal, I've brought

Another marriage belle.

Oh, please look on her kindly,
For she's virtuous, though poor.

HARD. Good gracious me—who can it be?

Enter EILY—dancing from L., and down C.

EILY. Why, Eily, to be sure!

ALL. (*dancing*) Oh sure! oh sure! oh sure! &c. &c. &c.
(*stop dancing*)

HARD. (R. C.) Returned?

MRS. C. (L. C.) Like a bad shilling—very strange.

EILY. (C.) I love you still—bad shillings never change!

MILES. (L. of EILY) What, Eily a bad shilling, no such thing;
She's good—and you may know that *by the ring*.

(to HARD) Oh, take her to your arms, and don't be shy;
Don't be at all uneasy—she's quite dry.

CORRI. (L.) Two wives you'll have, thanks to this new arrival;
Well, this is a most wonderful *rewival*.

(HARDRESS and EILY embrace)

KYRLE. (R.) Oh, Anne, pray say that you forgive me too.

ANNE. (L. of KYRLE) Well, as you've not done anything—
I do. (*they embrace*)

CORRI. This seems to be such fine embracing weather,—
Sergeant, suppose we do a hug together.

(CORRIGAN and SERGEANT embrace, L., corner)

Music—DANNY MAN appears at C. from L., and comes down—appears very mouldy, his nose red, and made up generally to appear influenza-ish.

MILES. (L. C.) Why, how have you turned up?

DAN. (L. of MILES) I don't know whether
I oughtn't to be "turned up" altogether.

What with my taking cold in that there watter,
And being shot, and taken for a hotter;

You thought you shot an otter, but you shot a man,
A Turkish bath in fact you gave this *otter-man*.

But I survived sufficiently, my hearty,
To join the chorus and the wedding party;

For most extremely anxious to be on,
Was Danny Man, at this her Danny-mong.

CORRI. (L.) I've got him in my power, and I'll show it;
About my bill—you owe it—oh—*bill-ow it!*

Iv'e never seen the colour of your metal,

MILES. We've something much more pressing first to settle.

(to the Audience) Some critics may be found to rail
in fury,

At rhyme and rubbish on the stage of Drury;
But surely no particular harm's done,
If for the foggy nights we get some fun,
Without the works of genius ridiculing,
Or vexing great men's ghosts with our tom-fooling:
Our object's but an hour away to while
In mirth, we simply seek to raise a smile
At nobody's expense—save those who pay,
To come and see our merry little play:
Then pray accept the dish we've set before ye,
Applaud our wild per-version of the story,
And welcome Miss O'Connor—*con-a-more*.

Finale.—"Rosalie, the Prairie Flower."

HARD. Smile on the endeavour
We have made to-night,
DAN. We've tried the utmost of our power.
HARD. Though by no means clever,
Say we give you slight
DAN. Amusement for an idle hour.
MILES. We can't be always weeping—
Tears in winter time
Are apt to freeze, so keep in
Good temper at our rime,
Tell your friends to peep in
Ere the pantomime
EILY. On Rose Eilee, the Dairy Flower.

EILY. MILES. DAN.

HARDRESS.

MRS. CREGAN.

ANNE.

CORRIGAN.

KYRLE.

SERGEANT.

R.

L.

Curtain.

Costumes.—PERIOD ABOUT 1790.

HARDRESS GREGAN.—*First Dress*: Dark green body coat, trimmed with silver lace, white waistcoat, cravat, nankeen breeches, top coat, light coloured curl wig, with pigtail, black conical hat, band and buckle. *Second Dress*: Embroidered court suit, white satin breeches, waistcoat, white silk stockings, shoes, &c.; powdered wig.

KYRLE DALY.—*First Dress*: Dark drab frock coat, with small black cape, white breeches, top boots, light wig, white conical hat. *Second Dress*: Of a darker colour than Hardress, and not so richly embroidered; wig, &c.

MR. CORRIGAN.—Green body coat, with bright gilt buttons, white waistcoat, nankeen breeches, top boots, with long ribbons hanging from the sides; drab conical hat, made to break and fall flat on the head; light coloured short haired wig, with tail.

DANNY MAN.—Short brown pea jacket, large hump on back, green waistcoat, black breeches, long grey worsted stockings, pulled over the knees outside, highlow shoes; light coloured wig and whiskers; sou-wester.

MILES.—Long drab great coat with cape, red waistcoat, dark corderoy breeches, blue stockings, highlow shoes, check shirt, silk handkerchief round his neck, light coloured wig, &c., broken hat and short pipe.

SERGEANT O'TOORALOORAL.—Policeman's overcoat, belt and buckle, hat, &c.; red hair; long red nose (made up very fat).

FOOTMAN.—Green and red livery.

GENTLEMEN.—Court suits, powdered wigs, &c.

LADIES.—Court dresses; powdered wigs.

EILY O'CONNOR.—Blue stuff petticoat, blue and white striped tuck-up dress, blue stockings.

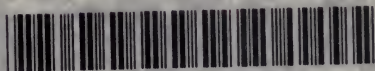
ANNE CHUTE.—*First Dress*: Sky blue silk dress, tucked up, blue silk petticoat, with puffings and ribbon. *Second Dress*: White silk dress and petticoat, trimmed with puffings and flowers of white roses.

MRS. GREGAN.—*First Dress*: Purple velvet train, trimmed with amber, stomacher, black lace and amber, berth to match, amber silk petticoat, and black lace flounces; powdered wig, with black lace lappets; amber bow. *Second Dress*: Brown and white brocade, trimmed with cherry ribbons and white lace, white silk petticoat, with white lace flounces and cherry ribbons, stomacher and berth to match, a very high powdered wig, trimmed with red beads, and three white feathers, standing up.



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